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PIOCHE, NEVADA, THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1893.

NO. 37.

When poem.
Writes on, "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie low laugh on the silence
Cry up to me over it all.

So I gather it up—where was broken
The tear faded thread of my theme,
Telling how, as one night I sat writing,
A fairy broke in on my dream—
A little inquisitive fairy—
My own little girl, with the gold
Of the sun in her hair and the dewy
Blue eyes of the fairies of old.

"Twas the dear little girl that I scolded—
"For was it a moment like this,"
I said, "when she knew I was busy
To come romping in for a kiss?
Come rowding up from her mother,
And clamoring there at my knee
For one little kiss for my dolly
And one little uzzar for me?"

God pity the child that repelled her
And the cold hand that turned her away,
And take from the lips that denied her
This answerless prayer of today!
Take, Lord, from my memory forever
That pitiful sob of despair,
And the patter and trip of the little bare
feet,
And the one piercing cry on the stair!

I put by the half written poem.
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on, "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie low laugh on the silence
Cry up to me over it all.

FEMININE TRAITS.

Jim Hardin, with much deliberation,
drew toward him the tobacco can
and proceeded to stuff the bowl of his pipe
full of the weed. It was significant.
We knew we were about to hear what
Jim called an "antidote," and our faces
and attitudes at once expressed profound
interest.

"Women," said Jim between puffs,
"is queer cattle—yes, they be. A fellow
thinks he has the plants an mebbe keeps
on thinking so for awhile. Then he finds
out all of a sudden that what he thinks
he knows and what he doesn't know is
more alike than what he thinks he knows
and what he does know."

"One woman ain't no more like 'nother
woman than 'n like that—waa, like that
stove, frinstance. 'Cause why? 'Cause
th' priverse. They be, an they can't
help it, none whatever. Morevermore,
they don't wantter help it—that's th' p'r-
versity of 'em. Why, ye never seen no
woman that'd be 'r do 'r think like 'n
other woman ef she hung fer not doin it.
Th' r' all 'like—alright nough in them
respects, but not any more. Ye e'en
pick out y'r female wherever ye please,
an I don't keer ef she's th' mos' common-
est, ev'ryday sort o' critter ye can't find
'nother one wi' th' same markings. Th' r'
Lord A'mighty didn't make 'em that way
no morn' all cattle is Short-horns, and I've
saw a lot."

"I was jes' thinkin of a couple o' cases
I e'n recollect."
"Up in Dakoty I knowed a feller th't
had a reg'lar th'or'ghbred wife. His
name was Sammis, an he kep' store up
to Bessemer, also sellin wagons an grain.
He was a fine feller, this Sammis, an
nothin was too good fer him, not even
his woman, an they was reg'lar stuck
on each other. Mis' Sammis had all they
was goin—Sammis had dust, an he wa'n't
'traid t' put it up. They had a fine
house, kep' a Chinese cook an a hired
girl, an had av'ry thing folks c'n hanker
fer, includin various trips t' Omahav
an Chicago ev'ry year. I knowed 'em
a long time, an I never seen folks get
along so smooth t'gether—jes' like them
doves that sits on th' fence b' th' stable.
They'd been hitched seven 'r eight year,
had a brace of as likely kids as ye ever
seen, an still folks used t' say allers how
much them Sammis did sot by each
other. It beat the dooce sure, an
might've went on fer all time, ef Sam-
mis hadn't gone an got inter trouble."

"Come one year business was slack at
the store—cash business, I mean—an
Sammis, he let out a heap of stock. But
he'd likewise b'en playin poker some, as
uzual, and was shy fer stuff w'en one
day some o' th' people he was owin called
fer him t' settle up. He'd b'en borryin
dust fr'm the c'lection he'd made fer
some o' 'em, xpectin t' pay up right
soon, but he didn't c'nect proper, an
they sinched 'im. Ev'rybody at Bes-
semer took a hand—'cept a few o' them
th't c'd 've helped him most, an ought-
er've did it—an tried to help Sam out,
but feelin innocent Sam, he wouldn't
have it none whatever an tol them east-
ern cusses th't, seen they didn't wantter
wait till fall an git a fa'r squar up, they
c'd go t' the devil, an he'd go t' jail. So
they sen's 'im up two years beltin rock
in th' pen. We'd've got a gang t'gether
an took 'im 'way from the officers, but
Sam sent us word he didn't want nothin
o' th' sort—he was goin t' take his sassy-
fras like a man, an he's done it."

"Now don't think fer a minute th't all
this time Mis' Sammis want' doin noth-
in. Great Enoch! that woman hustled
like a major—wint t' the men as was
sinchin Sam an begged an pleaded an
might've got 'em t' give 'im of Sam
hadn't been so uppish w' 'em. She
looked jes' orful durin th' trial, an took
on turble w'en th' judge sent 'er to Sam.
She didn't look like she uster fer a long
time, jes' got paler an more peskedlike,
an folks thought she was goin t' die off
sure. 'Bout three months later she went
t' see Sam, an Sam, he tol me 'bout it a
couple years ago. They had a real scene,
jamful o' tears an real spoony love, an
Sam wanted t' know ef it wouldn't be
better fer her t' get a divorce, 'cause he
was a diagrae t' her. Then o' course
she falls on 'is neck an weeps a hull lot,
an ez as how she'll stick t' him till th'
ol Harry goes into th' ice cream business,
'r somethin like that."

"An, gents, it wa'n't three months
longer b'fore she gits her doggone di-
vorce an splices with a baldheaded ol

duffer t'm Pennsylvania th'd come to
Dakoty t' git unhitched hisself! Oh, it
was tough, I tell ye. Sammis, he's out
now, doin good business, an got his kids—
at Bessemer, too, b'gosh—an also behavin
hissel. But he was considerable broke
up w'en th' woman shuck 'im."

Here Jim paused to refill his pipe, and
we took advantage of the opportunity
briefly to debate the question as to wheth-
er or not Mrs. Sammis was justified in
doing as she did. Jim then proceeded:
"Th' other case I was thinkin of is dif-
frunt a hull lot. Th' woman in it was
'bout th' same caliber as t'other one, I
reckon, but more perseverin."

"It was up in Dakoty, too, this here
case; over t' Gilman, 'bout 20 miles fr'm
Bessemer. I was sheruff then an knowed
ev'rybody in th' blame county. B'sides
th' gyurl was a sorter relation o' mine,
how I came t' know s'much about it."

"This here gyurl was a dandy little
stepper. Her ol man was well fixed an
she'd went t' school t' St. Louis an was
purty persnickety. Blame fine gyurl,
stunnin purty an nice, but persnickety,
'cause some o' th' finest an best fixed
boys in th' county wanted 'er, an she
turned up her nose at th' hull bilin.
Treated 'em all nice an all that, but
treated 'em alike, w'ich was unpleasant
fer th' boys."

"The trouble was, I reckon, she'd be'n
readin a hull lot o' blame trash, an
'xpected some prince was comin 'long t'
offer hisself, w'ich did happen, only he
wa'n't no prince, 'cept, mebbe, 'cordin
t' her notion. It was a blame dood fr'm
somewhere east th't struck town an got
a job t' th' Cleveland smelter keepin
time—a feller named 'r callin hisself
Ward Fortescue."

"He hadn't hardly struck th' camp
b'fore him an Mame meets each other an
is mashed, most immejit. He was one
o' these slim, purty ducks th't c'n sing
lots an put up a real smooth talk, an
make book love—one o' these sweet
warts th't a feller aches t' spank an kick.
I s'pose it's women's natur t' git stuck
on 'em, 'cause they alius do."

"Anyhow, Fortescue, as he called his-
self, wades right in an rushes Mame fer
all he was worth, an Mame she liked it
all right, so t'wa'n't long 'fore she up an
tells her folks th't him an her is goin
t' git spliced. Th' ol lady was tickled
lols, 'cause Fortescue had lied t' her con-
sid'ble 'bout his folks an how rich they
was, an so on; but th' ol man kicked
right smart, tellin Mame th't Mister
Dood had got t' cough up his papers
an show his hand, likewise givin Smith
names of people they c'd write to fer
recommendations."

"Mame, as I said b'fore, had sperrits
herself, an she kicked hard, sayin she
was of age an her own boss, an c'd do as
she pleased; but th' ol gent got hot in
the collar an tol her t' shet up, w'ich she
done, keepin up heaps o' thinkin all th'
time."

"Th' ol gent come t' me an chinned
awhile; then he went an seen Berry
Wright, th' lawyer, an he writes some
letters, w'ich, fer a wonder, one was an-
swered real prompt. Pinkerton's agency
wrote th't th' d'scription b'longed to a
chap named Ward th't was wanted in
Michigan fer shakin his wife an leavin
th' bank he worked fer in th' hole."

"I tuck th' letter an started fer
Smith's after I'd et supper. On th' way
up, here come Smith, like a hen with 'er
head cut off, shakin han's with hisself
an turble 'xited, 'cause he'd be'n t' see
Fortescue, an Fortescue told 'im he was
dead sure t' marry th' gyurl ef she didn't
shet 'im."

"I tol th' ol gent 'bout th' letter an
other evidences, an he felt better. Then
we walked up t' th' house an waded
inter th' gyurl, provin 'er th't the case
was as low lived a scam as they was
out o' jail. D'ye think she keered? Oh,
no. She jes' rips out at me, and you bet
she roasted me bad, windin up t' hopen
she'd never see me again. Then she
turns on th' ol gent with a lot o' rot
'bout his slanderin Fortescue, an how
she loves the blame rascal an is goin t'
foller 'im t' th' devil or somewheres."

"Th' next mornin her an the dood was
missin. They went t' th' next camp, got
married by a justice o' th' peace an
skipped. She wrote t' th' ol folks fr'm
Denver, askin t' be forgiven an sayin
how happy she was, but her pa wrote
back sayin she c'd come home jes' w'en
she pleased if she'd leave Ward—Smith
called 'im Ward, w'ich 'was his name,
sure 'nough—an came t' stay."

"Did she come? I sh'd say no. She
stuck t' Ward an got treated like a dog
for it. He used t' get drunk an 'buse
Mame, an raised Cain all sorts o' ways—
an still she didn't kick none. We never
give Pinkerton's any more information,
so Ward wasn't bothered none fr a couple
o' years. Then he up an run away
fr'm Mame an th' kid, leavin 'em nary
red; but it jes' happened he met a feller
th't knowed 'im, an he was gently runned
in an tuk t' Michigan. They socked it to
'm hard, too, 'cause his first wife's folks
was riled up, an the bank he'd stole from
was likewise achin t' take a fall out of
'im."

"Mame? She's at D'troit—I don't know
how she got there—taken in sewin and
tryin t' keep her an th' kid alive till that
skunk gits out o' jail."

"Don't women beat th' very dooce?"
And Mr. Hardin shook his head and
sighed heavily.—R. L. Ketcham in Ar-
gonaut.

about "coral," "peacock" and crushed
strawberry, and it is only in recent years
that the "foreign devils" have been able
to obtain them. The objects have no
other decoration than that of a single
color, ranging from darkest to lightest
shades—from black, deep red, the dark-
est blue or green, the most vivid orange,
to palest pink or violet or delicate can-
ary. It is because we have in them the
perfection of color united with an an-
tique simplicity of form that their art
value is so great.—Carpet and Uphol-
stery Trade.

Caught Two Whales and a Wife.

One of the whalemen on the schooner
La Nina has a little romance. His
name is William Stevens, and he has
been a sailor on coasting vessels for
several years. Ten months ago he fell in
love with a pretty and estimable young
lady at Yaquina bay. Stevens wanted
to get married, but his funds were low,
so it was arranged between the two lov-
ers that William should go on a whal-
ing cruise and on his return the nuptial
knot should be tied.

William came down on the next
steamer, but found that sailors who had
never been on a whaling voyage were
regarded as green hands, and that when
old timers were clamoring for a chance
to ship a new man had very little show.

However, Stevens persevered, and per-
suaded Captain Worth to take him on
Whitlaw's whaler, the schooner La
Ninia. The green hand proved the mas-
cot of the trip, and he killed the only
two whales taken on the voyage. They
were big fellows and produced 3,500
pounds of bone.

Stevens has consequently come into
funds, and more funds than usually fall
to the lot of a whaleman.—San Fran-
cisco Chronicle.

Cruel Workmen.

An iron bridge was being erected for a
railroad in the outskirts of the city of
Paris when one of the workmen dropped
a piece of iron heated to white heat. At
the moment a boy of fourteen passed
the place and the workman called out
to him that he had accidentally dropped
the piece and that the boy should hand
it back to him. The poor boy, not per-
ceiving the danger, grasped the iron with
both hands and immediately dropped it
again, uttering a fearful cry of pain.

He was answered by loud laughter from
the workmen, as cruel as they were
stupid. The perpetrator of the feat,
miscalled a joke, has been arrested, the
poor victim of his cruel folly having his
right hand burned so severely that he
will never recover the full use of it.—
Chicago Journal.

The Great Horse Show.

Recall the horse show. Fairly now,
as between man and man, which was
really on exhibition, the Vener family
or the horses? What did the boys about
town pay a dollar to see, women and
dudes or horses and ponies? Why were
\$500, \$700 paid for the use of a box in
the horse show six consecutive nights?
Was it for love of horses, was it for
interest in breeding, was it because of
any knowledge of thoroughbreds? It would
be nonsense to say so. Everybody,
including the Vener family themselves,
knows very well that the people in the
boxes went to show themselves, and the
people on the promenade went to look
at the social exhibits.—Howard in New
York Recorder.

A Protest Against Baby Ruth.

I learn from The Herald that on
Thanksgiving day a tallyho coach drove
past the cottage in which Mrs. Cleveland
is domiciliated at Lakewood, and that
Baby Ruth heard the notes of a tallyho
bugle for the first time. Great Jupiter!
Are we to have this nauseous twaddle
about Baby Ruth every day in the week?
Some day Baby Ruth will have her first
glass of champagne, her first eye tooth
and her first talking doll! Are the great
newspapers to chronicle all these excit-
ing events? Keep me posted about the
Hospidar of Hog Island, but let Baby
Ruth slide.—Cor. New York Advertiser.

Mr. Gladstone's Right Hand Man.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the
well known English statesman, who has
been chosen to lead the Liberal party in
the absence of Mr. Gladstone, is a triple
chinned man of ponderous physique,
with a bland, persuasive manner, and
though professionally a rampant Rad-
ical takes particular pride in the fact
that he can trace his descent in an un-
broken male line through the royal
house of Plantagenet to the year 880.
He is now sixty-five.—New York Press.

Getting Money to Go Shopping.

A well known artist, whose studio is
in New York, but whose home is in a
pleasant village an hour's ride from the
metropolis, promised faithfully one
morning that he would do some shopping
for his wife. On arriving at his studio
he found that he had money enough in
his pocket for his lunch and no more.
What to do about the shopping? Sud-
denly he bethought himself of an order
for an illustration that he had received
from a magazine. He set to work, and
in less than two hours had finished the
drawing, collected \$50 for it at the pub-
lisher's office and had started on the
more exhaustive labor of shopping.—
New York Sun.

An Art Note.

"I hear Palette had a picture in the
exhibition."
"Yes, but he didn't have it there long.
The jury returned it immediately."—
Vogue.

General Armstrong, of the Hampton
Institute, Virginia, although much im-
proved in health, still gives some evi-
dence of his paralytic shock of a year or
two ago.

The queen's preferences are now said
to be toward Devere, the Irish poet, for
the vacant laureateship.



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my Agent, to act during my absence, and to

him all debts, etc., due me are to be paid.

A. HARTMAN,

Dated Pioche, Nevada, Oct. 18, 1892.